

A WRECK.

A little 80 ton schooner ashore, almost in the identical spot off which one of the large lake steamers had grounded one year before. Up in a shady spot on the shore, just above the little schooner, was the wreck of a small shanty, likewise an evidence of the severity of the gale, it having come down upon the heads of its inmates during the same night.

These two—Ned Fairly and Fred Canfield—were camping in the open air since the disaster, and sleeping under the propped up roof, the interest in a gang of men working on the beached schooner being too strong for them to find time to patch up the shanty.

A tug had parted a 2½ inch hawser trying to draw the Plover Boy off.

Captain Jackson, a short, sandy bearded man, with a very red face, was shouting orders and encouragement all day long. She was dug under and long beams used in an attempt to pry her up and off, in the manner of the Mississippi steamboat men.

On the fifth day of the little craft's stay on the shore, she was deserted by the workers in a body. They held a council at the noon hour; asked for their pay, and when it was not forthcoming threw up the job.

At first Captain Jackson went and sat on the cabin house of his little vessel in apparent indecision. Toward night Fred saw him picking his way up the sand bank toward the ruins of the shanty.

He had come to ask them if they would be shipkeepers for him while he ran down to Buffalo to try to raise the funds; he could not offer them provisions, for the last of the little vessel's stores had gone to feed the hands who had deserted her.

But the boys were only too delighted to exchange the tumbledown shanty for the snug cabin of the little Plover Boy, and they began shifting the hardware, soups and other canned edibles of their store aboard cheerily.

The next night the western sky looked threatening. This was late in September, and fall gales might be expected at any time. Ned took a long look about before he drew the cabin slide.

By midnight the storm had broken, and the pounding, gushing surf made shouting the only mode of conversation practicable. The wind whistled through the rigging of the little vessel in long wails. Barrels and barrels of water were being buried upon the top of the cabin and her decks—she could even be felt to sway at the blows of some of the heavier seas.

"Let's take a look out," Fred proposed. To have opened any of the cabin windows would have deluged the little apartment. The chums crawled down through the door into the hold and thence to the forward deck by way of the forecabin.

Climbing upon the bulwarks and clinging to the foremast, a stirring sight lay before and about them.

The Plover Boy was as completely surrounded by water as though she were adrift, the sea breaking far up on the shore and all about her. It would have been a hazardous undertaking to have attempted to have gone ashore.

"Fred!" hallowed Ned in his companion's ear suddenly, "this is as big a gale as she came ashore in, and the water's higher, because it's blowing down the lake. I've been thinking—are you in for a big trip?"

"You don't mean we can do anything?" shouted Fred back.

"We might get her off and riding to the anchor if we could get the cable forward. The way it is made fast just now would only make her bow swing in further if she works loose."

Wet to the skin—more nearly drowned—they managed to reach the wheel, when, working knee deep in swirling water most of the time, they were able to cast off the heavy cable from the sheet bits at last.

Fortunately the ship's end of the long cable was still at her bow, so that they only had to cast the part they loosened overboard, or they might have been drawn over the side in the attempt to carry it forward.

Clinging to the bulwarks like parrots, they worked their way forward again, manned the windlass and took in the slack of the big line as much as they were able. Nor were they any too soon in doing so.

"Boom!" a great sea struck the little vessel and the boys felt her rise from the sand. The rushing power of water tried to sweep her down the beach and in, but the cable's resistance could be distinctly felt.

If the long line held, the boys knew it would draw the little craft off with every sea that tried to wash her farther in and down the dark shore.

With a thrill that set both boys shouting they soon felt the little Plover Boy rising, falling and pitching on the rushing waves as she swung loose from the shore—the little schooner was off!

Then followed a night of heaving and rolling and bucking water at the pumps—for the vessel leaked quite a little—that Ned and Fred say they will never forget.

They did not grow sleepy, because there was no time to think of it. But they have since declared that they would not have missed the experience for worlds.

The storm eased up in the morning, when the lighthouse skiff brought out Captain Jackson out to them; nor was there ever a very much more pleased man than he.

They helped him sail her into Erie harbor, when he pressed them to be cabin passengers on her later run to Buffalo.—Conyers C. Converse.

ELEPHANT LABORERS

GIANT PACHYDERMS THAT ACT AS SAWMILL HANDS.

They Drag the Logs Out of the Water, Guide the Carrier Under the Saw and Stack the Boards For Drying—Some Things Hard to Believe.

The displays of trained animals, broken for show purposes, cannot offer the slightest comparison in interest to the trained elephant exhibition one sees in the city of Maudslayi, British Burma. The most absorbingly entertaining feature of the novel sight is the paradoxically industrial character which the work of these huge Indian pachyderms assumes. It hardly seems possible that the work of a sawmill, usually done by human hands, could be accomplished through the medium of the elephants. Nevertheless it is a fact that the Maudslayi Steamship company uses some 40 to 50 elephants in the operation of its sawmills at Maudslayi, and the taskwork so largely entering into the construction of ships is here made ready for the artisan.

A gentleman lately returned from a tour of the east gives an interesting account of the manner in which the mills are operated. The logs are chopped in the interior and floated several hundred miles down the Salween river to the mill, which is situated on the banks of the stream at Maudslayi. Here the logs are formed into a boom, and henceforth the work of transporting is done by the elephants. The boom is very similar to those we see in the lumbering districts of Wisconsin and Michigan, but instead of the sight of men, brightly garbed in red and blue, running from log to log and moving them with long steel pointed poles, we see great, ponderous elephants wading and swimming among the teak logs and pushing them toward the shore. The logs are not sawed directly from the water, but are first seasoned, and the elephants not only bring the logs from the water to the land, but they stack them in huge piles, convey them to the mill, saw them and afterward pile the lumber. Of course, each elephant performs only such certain parts of the work for which he has been trained, and the entire herd is divided into companies of from two to eight. One division of the pachyderms does the work in the water, another company carries the logs to the drying or seasoning stacks, others pile them; another class conveys the dry logs to the mill, where some of the elephants do the work of sawing; still others pile the sawed lumber, and another herd carries hay and prepares the food for this great industrial combination of brute strength and intelligence.

But the most wonderful, interesting, novel and almost incredible feature of the entire combination is the sight of two monstrously large male elephants that actually act in the capacity of bosses or overseers of the work. These move from place to place among the working elephants, supervising them on, pushing, driving and frequently chastising a lazy or recalcitrant member of the force. Very few men are needed to direct the elephants in their work. From six to eight of the animals usually work in the water. These wade or swim, according to the depth of the water, to the log boom, and loosening several logs at a time tow them to the shore at a certain point. Each of the company of elephants that convey the logs from this point to the drying place has a chain attached to his neck and reaching to the ground. At the bottom of this chain is a loop through which the log runs. As the elephant directs the movements of the elephants in placing the log within the coil of the chain. The elephant picks up another log by his trunk and in this manner drags two at a time to the seasoning stacks. About eight elephants are employed in this capacity. The work of piling the logs to dry is done by two female elephants. Each winds her trunk about the log near the end, and together they raise it in a horizontal position and place it on the stack.

After the logs have dried sufficiently they are ready for the mill. Two female elephants take the dry logs from the piles and deliver them to a herd similar in training to those that work between the water and the seasoning stacks. These convey the logs to a track over which a small car runs to the mill. Only one log at a time is placed upon this car. As soon as the log is in position on the car an elephant trained for this particular part of the work pushes the car to the mill. Arrived at the mill, the log is pushed from the car to a carrier that passes beneath the buzzsaw. As soon as the log is thus transferred to the carrier the elephant operating the car returns for another log, while another huge beast trained to do the sawing operates the carrier and pushes the log against the saw. But the interesting part of the work does not end here, for as the log is being sawed into the desired boards and timbers, another elephant receives the completed material, piling the slabs on one side and the more valuable product on the other. But two men are required to oversee and direct the elephants in sawing the logs.

Another detachment of the herd is used in carrying the lumber from the mill to the yards and sheds. For this purpose very long trucks with the low front and back wheels close to each other are used. There are elephants trained for loading the sawed material upon these trucks, while others push the loaded trucks to the sheds. In the lumber yard are the "pillars," or elephants that take the lumber from the trucks and place it in piles for further seasoning.

Assisted before, there is one detachment of this strange army of laborers which does the "kitchen work" for the hotel de elephant, or whatever the feeding place of these big fellows may be called. Some may be seen carrying hay for the stables, but by far the most interesting sight is the preparation of the food. This is composed of grass, bran and molasses, and is mixed in a large vat. While some are carrying these different components of this highly delectable elephantine boarding house hash, others are engaged in mixing it with pebbles, which they dexterously manipulate with their trunks. The narrator observed one of the elephants suddenly stop in his work with the pebble and refuse to wield his mixing stick any further. One of the two big boss elephants was called to the scene, and picking up the recalcitrant's pebble beat him with it over the back and hips until he returned to his work.

Only about 10 men are employed in directing the work of the entire herd of elephants. Those who have seen this novel mill at Maudslayi in operation all agree in giving it the credit of being the greatest exhibition of trained animals in the world and say that Hagenbeck's—and, in fact, all other trained animal shows—are simply nowhere near "in line" with it. The millhands, or more properly speaking the mill trucks, of this institution have never gone on a strike.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—Rheumatism originates in the morbid condition of the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the rheumatism. Get only Hood's.

WHY SHE WAS GLAD.

"I did not think you could be so foolish, Agnes. What! jealous of a mere child like Kate?"

The speaker was a man between 35 and 40. Handsome he certainly was, kind hearted and generous all could testify who knew him.

The person addressed was in the full maturity of womanhood, with a thoughtful and earnest look in her face that showed that she had felt and suffered beyond the majority of her sex.

"Kate is not a child, but a woman, Arthur," she replied, "a very pretty woman, as no one knows better than you."

Arthur Reeves looked sharply at his companion. Agnes understood that look and said steadily:

"I saw you beneath the elm last evening. I had heard many things before, but could not credit them. The evidence of my own senses I must believe."

"Go on," he said, with forced coolness. "I suppose I may as well take my lecture now as any time."

"I am not going to lecture you, Arthur, nor even reproach you. The time for that has passed. I simply wish to convince you that you have been mistaken in the feelings that you have professed to cherish for me—that we have both been mistaken."

"I love you, Agnes. You know that." "And yet I am not sufficient for you. Your eyes, if not your lips, have said the same to Kate Norton as well as to me."

"This is the sheerest folly, Agnes! My feelings for Kate are as those I cherish for my little sister Ellen."

"If you think so you deceive yourself. And whether it be so or not it is evident that the feelings aroused in her heart are of a far different nature."

"You do Kate great injustice, Agnes; she is as innocent hearted as a child."

"You must have a strange idea of the innocence of childhood. Kate Norton had little reputation to lose before she met you. She has less now. A girl that can openly boast that there is not a married lady of her acquaintance but what is jealous of her has as little principle as jealousy."

"I tell you again, Agnes, that I do not care for Kate. I have paid her some attention, it is true, but it is because I know she has few pleasures, and I wanted to make her stay as pleasant as possible."

"And yet, when, after months of close confinement in the schoolroom, I sought a brief respite from many cares, the change of scene and air I so sorely needed, you did not think it necessary to devote yourself so assiduously to me, who, if half your assurances are to be believed, have a claim upon you more sacred than that of any other."

"You even leave me alone for days—not on account of business—but in pursuit of pleasures in which I had no share."

Arthur Reeves winced at these words. "The two had been walking along a wooded path. They had now reached the brow of a hill, from which diverged two paths—one leading to Agnes' home, the other to the village, whose glittering spires could be seen in the distance."

"Our paths lie separate here, Arthur."

"And our life paths are well? Is that what you wish to say, Agnes?"

"Our life paths are well."

No one knew all it cost her to utter those calmly spoken words—certainly not the man who, winning that loving heart, had held it so tightly.

Motionless, with arms folded tightly across his chest, he watched her retreating form. Perhaps there was a faint hope in his heart that she would pause or turn her head, but Agnes would not the woman to falter or look back in the path she had chosen.

She kept steadily on, not even turning when she reached the door, which, closing upon her, shut him out as completely from her heart and life as if he had never been.

Then he felt as he never had before, if not all that she had been, all that she might have been to him.

It was Arthur Reeves' misfortune that he could not resist the voice of flattery, especially from the lips of a pretty woman. Did such smile upon him or hang upon his accents with delight, partly real, partly feigned, for the time being she away and seemed to fill his heart wholly.

His good Agnes Irwin eagerly and persistently—she was not a woman to be won unsought—never resting until he knew that her whole heart was his.

It was not that he did not know how rich was the treasure he had won; to be loved so entirely and exclusively would have been gratifying to any man, but he was one of those with whom a love once won has lost its charm.

Arthur made no attempt to change a purpose that he well knew was unchangeable. He married a few months after, and Mrs. Reeves returned yesterday to her father's house, which she left six years ago as a happy bride.

When the shock that this gave her had subsided, what grateful emotions swelled her heart that hers were not those worse than fatherless children; that she was not that more than widowed wife, returning in shame and sorrow to her father's house!—Boston Globe.

Ancient Hospitals.

Ancient Egyptian records are vague in their allusions to the treatment of the sick, but it seems likely, from a legend which is given in the Papyrus Ebers, that a clinic existed in connection with the temple of Heliopolis. It is equally probable that, if the history of the temples of Eseneapolis could be unveiled, we should find that in them also a hospital supplemented the shrine, and that the sick who offered sacrifices there found something more than "faith healing" within their walls. But from none of these are our hospitals derived; they were destroyed or forgotten in the barbarian conquests, and so utter is the oblivion into which they fell that it is now an article of the popular creed that it is to Christianity we owe the first idea of care for the sick and afflicted.—Quarterly Review.

Sociable.

The following notice was posted up on a pleasure boat:

"The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated."—Rappel.

—Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

Lured to His Fate.

They sat in the parlor, gazing at the natural gas flames as they chased each other over the asbestos surface.

The two were Miss Bellefield and Mr. Van Broom, and the young man was in love with the young woman. He was doubtful of her feelings toward him, however, for she was not a girl to display her love, if she had any, until it was sought. The young man had not spoken. He read the ordeal. He was fearful of the result. The conversation turned upon marriage, and in the course of the discussion Miss Bellefield said:

"In Burma the women propose to the men."

"How I wish we were in Burma," the young man replied, with a slight stress on the plural pronoun.

"It wouldn't do you any good if we were," replied the girl, and Mr. Van Broom did not linger much longer that evening.—New York Recorder.

Anonymous.

"What's the most insulting thing you can do to a man?" asked the janitor as one of the tenants entered the building.

"I don't know. I suppose an anonymous letter is about the most disagreeable thing known."

"That's it. I'll send you to Clancy. He way of insult me last night he kem round an cut the whisker off me goat. O'll write him an anonymous letter. That he can make no mistakes if he fails loke loighten, he gob O'll sign me name till it."—Washington Star.

Gibson's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, letter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale by C. D. Gibson.

—A taint in the milk will be a taint in the butter, and 'taint a good thing in either."

TWO LIVES SAVED.

Mrs. Photo Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St. San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at C. D. Gibson's Drug Store, Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

—Oats are far superior to corn as a food for brood sows, both before and after breeding.

—The Vermont underwriters of fire insurance are permanently organized in January. At a meeting in Rutland Friday, this committee was appointed to draw by-laws for the new organization: J. S. Hickok of Burlington; F. E. Alford of Newbury; A. D. Tenney of St. Albans; W. A. Clark of Rutland; Harrison I. Norton of Bennington; J. G. Brown of Montpelier; and P. J. Blodgett of St. Johnsbury.

—Willard J. Shattuck of St. Johnsbury, a freshman of Boston University, and a member of the Philomathean society, was kidnapped by the sophomores the other night, to prevent his taking part in a dramatic entertainment given by the society. It is said he was bound and gagged and taken to the outskirts of the city, where he was kept in close confinement until after the play. The result of the kidnapping will probably be the disbandment of the Philomathean society.

HOOD'S AND ONLY HOOD'S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper berries and other well known remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative powers not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures when other preparations fail.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness.

—Gen. L. G. Kingsley is arranging for the reunion of the officers and members of the 12th Vermont Regiment, which will be held during the Grand Army encampment at Burlington, January 30 and 31.

—The question is frequently asked, "Why is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral so much more effective than other cough remedies?" The answer is simply because it is the most skillful combination of anodynes and expectorants known to medical science.

—The effect of the present low price of wool and the proposed Wilson tariff bill on the sheep industry is strongly felt in Addison county. In one town, 2,400 fine sheep have been slaughtered, rather than keep them through the winter. One man had sheep and hens to sell, and the buyers offered 50 cents apiece for the fowls and 45 cents per head for the sheep.

A "TRUST" WHICH IS POPULAR.

There is a great deal of indignation felt against trusts. The Sugar Trust, the Standard Oil Trust, the Welsh Tin Plate Trust, the English Salt Trust, and other combinations of the kind, are vigorously denounced, and it is a subject of controversy whether there are more trusts in England than in America, and whether Protection or Free Trade fosters them. But there is one form of trust against which no one has anything to say. That is the trust the public reposes in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

—Factorymen ought to be posted on the causes of poor milk and give their patrons help when needed.

Lane's Family Medicine Moves the Bowels each day. Most people need to use it.

—To be able to milk the hard ones with patience and skill is the qualification that should and must be attained by a successful dairymaid.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. "A pure medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.—Price 50c and \$1 per bottle at C. D. Gibson's drug store.

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you make a Chocolate Cake with Lang's Ready-made Chocolate Icing. There is no mixing and musing; no trouble at all. It is always ready for instant use and sure to be delicious. Price 25c per lb. can. At all Grocers. Lang Chocolate Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Finest Cocoa and Chocolate Makers.

Business Directory.

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C. H. DARLING, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over First National bank, Bennington, Vt.

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Having sold my dental practice to Dr. A. Z. Cutler, a gentleman of experience and ability, I beg to say for him the entire liberal patronage that has been accorded me the past eighteen years. DR. B. D. PIKE.

BENNINGTON CO. SAVINGS BANK. The Bennington County Savings Bank at the Bennington County National Bank, is open daily for the transaction of business from 10 o'clock a. m. to 4 o'clock p. m., Sundays and Holidays excepted.

Interest to depositors strictly in accordance with the laws of the State of Vermont. Money deposited anytime after the first day of each month draws interest from the first day of the next succeeding month. Interest computed January 1st and July 1st, and if not withdrawn will be added to principal, and interest thereafter will accrue upon the whole.

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Bennington County Savings Bank. To all the depositors in the said bank.—The Legislature of the State of Vermont in 1892 passed the following law:

No. 71.—An act to provide for the verification of Savings Bank books and accounts. In the year 1893, and in every third year thereafter, the trustees of the Savings Banks and other institutions of savings shall call in the books of deposit of their depositors for examination and verification, and they shall cause the same to be examined and verified by some person or persons employed for the purpose other than the treasurer or his clerks.

In compliance with the above law, the trustees of said Savings Bank hereby call in the books of deposit of their depositors for examination and verification. Please send your Postoffice address. By order of the trustees.

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Have just sold a dozen lots, eight in one block on Putnam street. Before purchasing elsewhere, call on me and see what inducements I offer.

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